Been thus encountred: a figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, *Cap a pe*,
Appeares before them, and with solemne march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walkt
By their oppreſt and feare ſurpriſed eyes
Within this truncheons length, whilſt they diſtill'd
Almoſt to gelly with the act of feare,
Stand dumbe and ſpeake not to him: this to me
In dreadfull ſecrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father,
Theſe hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord upon the platform where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not ſpeake to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did,
But anſwer it made none: yet once me thought
It lifted up its head, and did addreſſe
It ſelfe to motion, like as it would ſpeake;
But even then the morning Cocke crew loud,
And at the ſound it ſhrunke in haſte away,
And vaniſht from our ſight.

Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.

Hor. As I doe live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true,
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed ſirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd ſay you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?

Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What? lookt he frowningly?

Hor.